Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ioue, Mercurie and Herald for a king.
Loue's Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines slilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse too,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wterched Margaret, who comes here.

Enter the Queene, and the Dutchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
flower My vnblowne flowers, new appearing sweets, sweet
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
above Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,
Qu. Wilt thou O God, flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?
Harry *Qu. Mar.* When holy Mary, dide, and my sweet sonne.
Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghost,
Woes scoane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
thy. their Rest they vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldst as well affoord a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholy seate,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut.

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my vo
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute & dum
Edward Plantagenent, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. If auncient sorrow be most reuer
Giue mine the benefit of signorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou didst ki
I had a Rutland too, and thou holpst to kill hi
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, till F
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath c
A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle blood
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let loose, to chase vs to our grau
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre
Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
make And makes her pue-fellow with others mon
Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph not in my
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thee.
Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for r
And now I cloie me with beholding it:
Thy Edward, he is dead, that stabd my Edwar
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both th
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edwar
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaugham,
Vntimely smothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,